

# GERMANY'S PEACE ULTIMATUM TO RUMANIA

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

## "THE DANGER ZONE" DRESS.



These life-saving suits are provided with pockets, filled with food and stimulants, and will enable the shipwrecked to remain afloat for hours.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

## GOOD LOOKS RESTORED.



Gladys Elizabeth Herrington, whose disfigured face has been restored to its former smoothness by skin-grafting. She is seen in hospital and before the accident.



Gunner W. G. Sylvester, R.H.A., Miss Herrington's sweetheart, who declined to accept his release. Miss Herrington holds the O.B.E. Medal for an act of great courage.

## NEW MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA.

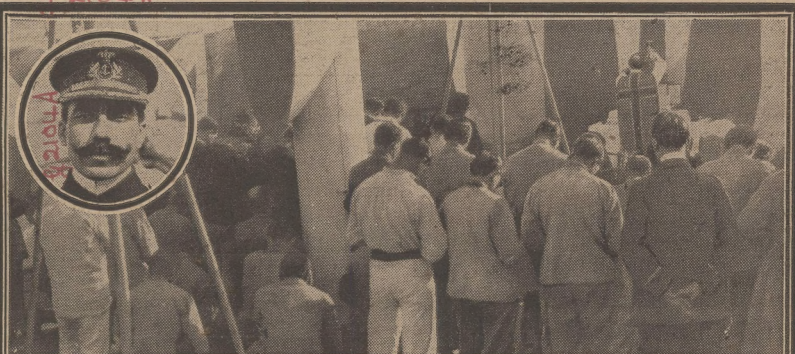


Lord Cawley of Prestwich, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who feels that the resignation of Sir E. Carson has made it necessary to appoint a Propaganda Minister.



Lord Beaverbrook, who will combine the offices of Minister of Propaganda and Chancellor of the Duchy, the latter placed at the Premier's disposal by Lord Cawley.

## ON A HOSPITAL SHIP—SPANISH ENVOYS REFUTE HUN LIES.



Two photographs taken on board a British hospital ship show the nurses and the officers and men at service in mid-ocean. In the circle is one of the Spanish naval officers, who now travel on these vessels, and who have refuted the Hun lie, that Red Cross vessels carry munitions.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

## THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN PEER.



Sir John Forrest, the first Australian to be created a peer, while in command of an expedition across the trackless wastes and as he appears to-day.—(Exclusive.)



## LORD BEAVERBROOK, PROPAGANDA CHIEF.

### New Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.

### HIS BRILLIANT CAREER.

The following official announcement was made last night:—

Lord Cawley of Prestwich has resigned the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster and his resignation has been accepted.

The resignation of Sir Edward Carson has made it necessary to appoint a Minister to take charge of propaganda, and, Lord Cawley being of opinion that these duties might more usefully be combined with those of the Chancellorship of the Duchy, placed his office at the disposal of the Prime Minister.

Lord Beaverbrook has been appointed Minister in Charge of Propaganda in succession to Sir Edward Carson, with the office of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, vacated by Lord Cawley of Prestwich.

### A GREAT CANADIAN.

Lord Beaverbrook, who was formerly Sir Max Aitken, and M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, is a Canadian. He has achieved fame as a financier, a business man, an M.P., war correspondent, historian and an organiser.

In eight years he has become in rapid succession knight, baronet, peer, and now head of a Department of State. He is not yet forty. As the "Eye-Witness" of the Canadian Expeditionary Force he did valuable work as an official war correspondent. Later, with his brilliant book "Canada in Flanders," he became the historian of Canada.

Lord Beaverbrook organised the War Records Department of the Canadian Army. Such work usually means a considerable expenditure of money. Lord Beaverbrook, however, made a clear profit, according to the last balance sheet, of £18,000, which is to be used for a Hall of Fame for Canada.

Lord Cawley, better known as Sir Frederick Cawley, was formerly Liberal member for the Prestwich Division of Lancashire.

### RUSH TO HEAR BISHOP.

### Women Faint in Temple Church—Hundreds Turned Away.

The announcement that the newly-consecrated Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Hensley Henson) was to preach in London brought a large crowd to the Temple Church yesterday morning.

Long before the commencement of the service the building was crowded. People stood in the rows along the aisle and congregated in groups at the back of the church. Many hundreds had to be turned away. Two women fainted during the service.

The Bishop's sermon was an eloquent protest against the spirit of Pharisaism in religion. "This spirit," he said, "which was to be found amongst us never more strongly than at the present time, was a serious menace to Christianity."

### MR. V. GRAYSON'S LOSS.

### Death of His Wife, a Former Well-Known Actress.

Mr. Victor Grayson, formerly Socialist M.P. for Colne Valley, has just sustained bereavement by the death of his wife.

Mrs. Grayson was formerly an actress, known on the stage as Miss Ruth Norreys. She was a daughter of Mr. John Webster Nightingale, banker, and was married to Mr. Grayson in November, 1912.

Before her marriage she had played with great success with Sir Herbert Tree at the Palace in Kipling's "The Man Who Was."

Mr. Grayson enlisted in the New Zealand forces in 1916.

### PROFITEERING IN BEER.

The way in which certain London publicans are exploiting the shortage of beer is (*The Daily Mirror* understands) receiving the attention of the Food Controller.

In some houses just now as much as 6d. is being asked for a glass of bitter and 10d. for a bottle of Bass or Guinness.

### FINGER PRINTS TO IDENTIFY DEAD

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—The War Department has ordered the taking by an expert of finger prints of all the unrecognisable bodies of soldiers recovered from the Tuscana, for comparison with the records here for the purpose of establishing their identity.—Reuter.

Motor Record in Australia.—Two men have motored from Fremantle to Sydney, 2,600 miles, in 170 hours, which is a record.—Reuter.



The Rev. Dr. A. Wallace Williamson, one of the eminent clerics forming the special mission to America.



Mr. Tom Dunning, who has died. He was a well-known writer on boxing.

## LONDON'S LUCKY MAN.

### The Baked Potato Merchant Helps the Food Problem.

### CHEAP MEALS AND NO COUPONS.

There is one lucky man in London just now. Rations and prospective food coupons bother him not. He is making a good living, and he smiles.

This happy fellow is known as the "baked potato man," and his reappearance in the streets of the capital after a long interval is most welcome and opportune. Fried fish saloons and coffee stalls are passing through an anxious time just now. The price of fish bothers the one and the absence of sugar hampers the other. But the baked potato merchant knows no such troubles.

With potatoes plentiful and cheap he is able to sell a tasty "snack" for a penny and yet make a handsome profit. His portable, if somewhat primitive, "engine" at street corners at night provides many a family with a cheap and appetising meal.

"Help yourself to salt," is the potato merchant's injunction. "There is no war-time touch about it. It does one good to hear it."

## GIRL FOUND STRANGLED.

### Mystery of Woolwich Arsenal Clerk's Death on Common.

The body of a girl aged sixteen, a clerk in Woolwich Arsenal living with her parents at Juno-terrace, Wood Hall, Woolwich, was found on Eltham Common, near Shooter's Hill police station, yesterday.

Evidence points to the fact that she had been attacked and strangled. Detective Inspector Brown is actively engaged on the case, but up to the present no arrest has been effected.

## "WOMEN KNOTS."

### Feminine Demand for Exclusive Trouserings for Costumes.

The streets of London have again been invaded by the Knut, but this time it is the woman Knut.

Two girls walking in Regent-street attracted attention on Saturday. They were wearing fashionable costumes of check material and carrying walking-sticks.

"It is by no means uncommon," said a head tailor to *The Daily Mirror*, "for women to come in here and purchase lengths of trousering, and the man-power demand 'exclusive' patterns. 'Only the other day a young woman bought one of our best lengths of suitings, and the whole length, too, to make an exclusive costume of it.'"

## MORE REASONABLE.

### Clyde Workers' Waiting Attitude on the "Down Tool" Policy.

A change has come over the attitude of the Clyde District Committee of the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades towards the man-power scheme.

At the close of a largely-attended meeting at Glasgow yesterday (representatives of the A.S.E. being present) it was officially intimated that the following resolution was passed:—

"That we await the decision of the Allied Labour and Socialist Conference on February 20, and give the Clyde District Committee power to call all present at this meeting together again to discuss the situation at the earliest convenient date thereafter."

Three thousand Leeds engineers yesterday passed a resolution declaring that should any member of the district receive his calling-up papers before the conclusion of the negotiations with the Government, and should the district secretary be unable to secure their cancellation, a meeting should be called to decide on the action to be taken.

## STRIKERS' FIRE WAR.

BUENOS AIRES, Saturday.—The strikers on the Central Argentine Railway have burnt twenty-five coaches at San Martin Railway Station. The telegraph wire has been cut.

The Argentine Workmen's Federation threatens to proclaim a general strike if the railwaymen's demands are not granted.—Reuter.

## MORE FOOD THAN FOE.

### British Rations Luxurious Compared with Huns' Scanty Fare.

### PROPAGANDA BY PAMPHLET.

"Our allowance of food, however restricted it may be, is half as much again as the allowance of the Germans. Our enemies would be glad to be as well off as we."

"We have six loaves to the German four; a pound and a half of margarine to their pound; and, in spite of the meat shortage, our rations are more like Christmas dinners compared with the scanty allowances of our foes."

These are some of the comforting and reassuring statements which the Islington Food Control Committee, one of the "livest" of all the metropolitan Food Committees, is issuing by means of thousands of posters and pamphlets.

Some 50,000 pamphlets are being enclosed with the margarine and meat ration cards now being issued.

The meat shortage in purely residential suburbs was more acute on Saturday than ever before, and only lucky people who had got their joint in on Friday had the prospect of a meat meal.

In one rather large family living on the Northern Heights, *The Daily Mirror* was told, vegetarianism was to be the menu of the day, owing to the failure of the local butcher to keep his shop solemnly plighted on the Friday.

But in this case, as probably in thousands of others during the last few weeks, one of the lucky ones cut a breast of mutton in half and shared it with less fortunate neighbours.

Bearer Milk.—The Ministry of Food states that the maximum prices of milk order for the

## DO YOU KNOW?

"If you know of any food hoarding or overcharging for controlled food," runs a public notice issued by the Islington Food Control Committee, "you will be performing a real public service by giving information, in confidence, to the Executive Officer, Public Library, Essex-road, N.1."

summer months is shortly to be issued. It will contain a claim whereby prices may be raised in districts where the higher cost of production warrants it.

Sugar Controller.—Captain Sir Charles Bathurst, K.B.E., M.P., has accepted the position of Director of Sugar Distribution in addition to that of chairman of the Royal Commission on the sugar supply.

## OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

### Imperial Escort for the King in To-morrow's Procession.

Everything is practically ready for the state opening of Parliament by the King at noon to-morrow.

Their Majesties will make the journey to and from Westminster in a semi-state landau drawn by six bays, the royal retinue being accommodated in similar coaches drawn by four bays.

The King and Queen will be attended by an escort of the Royal Horse Guards and an Imperial escort provided by representatives of the Indian Army and the Overseas Dominions. Most of the members of Parliament up till Easter will be taken up with Supply and a new Vote of Credit.

## "GRIP OF THE BRITISH."

### "Do Not Get Fed Up with Want of Food," says Father Vaughan.

Preaching at Farm-street yesterday afternoon from the text: "The morning cometh and also the night," Father Bernard Vaughan warned his hearers not to be led away in their attitude towards the war either by the optimist or the pessimist.

Both the militarist and the pacifist were extremists, said the preacher. The Allies belonged to neither school. They held the via media and kept one eye on the enemy abroad and the other on the traitor at home.

"Do not get fed up with want of food. There is something worse than want of food, want of grit. Only let the British at home get the grip of the British at the front, and they would hold on till their peace terms were signed by the foe."

## NO LUXURY FEEDING IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Saturday.—The Minister of Food Supplies will on Tuesday next submit to the Council of Ministers a certain number of fresh food restrictions.

The new restrictions will apply to all pastry, confectionery, iced fruits, biscuits and fancy chocolates, all of which will be prohibited.

The consumption of butter in hotels, cafés and restaurants will be forbidden, and the consumption of milk, cheese, ice creams and similar delicacies will be regulated. Reuter.

## NOT BY THE AIR BOARD.

*The Daily Mirror* understands the report that a number of buildings in Kingsway have been taken over by the Air Board is incorrect, and that the buildings have been requisitioned by the Admiralty Supply Department of the Ministry of Munitions.

## "I HAVE DONE MY BEST FOR ENGLAND."

### How Surgeons Saved Life of Girl Heroine.

### A ROMANCE OF LOVE.

"Please let me die. I have done my best for England and shall die happy knowing that I have done my duty, but don't let me live blinded and disfigured beyond recognition."

Glady's Herrington, a brave and heroic girl of twenty-two, now lying in the Prince of Wales' General Hospital, uttered this pathetic plea to the matron and nurses when she learnt the nature of the terrible injuries she had received in a munition factory accident.

Miss Herrington had been already awarded the medal of the Order of the British Empire before the accident occurred—"for courage in volunteering to undertake dangerous work after a fatal accident."

Her predecessor at the work, a married woman, another splendid heroine of the war, who was working on munitions to enable her to pay for her son's education at college, was killed by the accident.

It was particularly dangerous work, and when an appeal was made for volunteers to take this woman's place Miss Herrington and another young woman volunteered to undertake the call.

Then came the accident to herself. She was so badly burned before being rescued that on admittance to the hospital her life was despaired of.

It seemed certain that she would lose her eyesight, and possibly both her arms.

It was a terrible prospect for the young woman, for she had been a pretty and very healthy looking girl, and so she prayed to be allowed to die.

The hospital experts worked patiently and skilfully, and finally they gained a great surgical triumph.

### HER SOLDIER LOVER.

Yesterday the matron told *The Daily Mirror* that not only is Miss Herrington's eyesight now saved, but she has recovered all the use of her left arm, with which she is now learning to write, and hopes soon to have the use of her right arm too.

Romance also is associated with this story of heroism.

Before the accident Miss Herrington was engaged to a soldier, Gunner W. G. Sylvester, of the Royal Horse Artillery, who was out in France at the time of the accident to his sweetheart.

The young heroine, fearing that she was disfigured for life, wrote suggesting that she should release him.

But the young soldier refused. A little later he himself was sent home on sick leave, and he spent practically all his spare time by the bedside of the girl who had so nearly made the supreme sacrifice for her country.

The two have decided that the accident shall not prevent them getting married, but for the moment the young artilleryman is in hospital. While visiting his sweetheart he has a recent raid night he stopped to help some women and children from a shelter which had been bombed.

By doing so he was so badly injured that he himself had to be taken to hospital. He is, however, now making satisfactory progress.

Miss Herrington has three brothers in the Army, all of whom have been wounded.

## GRAMPUS AT DEAL.

### Monster Fish 9ft. 3in. Long Brought Ashore by Fishermen.

A monster grampus, weighing between six and seven hundredweight and measuring 9ft. 3in. in length, was caught off Deal yesterday by local fishermen.

The huge fish was secured alive and brought ashore by means of a rope.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Lord Reading in New York.—Lord Reading has arrived in New York.—Exchange.

Blinded by Lightning.—During a thunderstorm at Bakewell on Saturday night, a Mrs. Moore was struck by lightning and blinded in both eyes.

Mr. Roosevelt Better.—Mr. Roosevelt's physicians report his progressive improvement and prescribe absolute quiet in hospital for at least three weeks.—Reuter.

Waitresses Charged with Theft.—Six married waitresses at the Shepherdess-walk branch of Messrs. Lyons were remanded at Old-street on Saturday on charges of stealing cocoa.

## TODAY'S BOXING.

At the Ring mainline the feather-weight, Joe Conn (Stepney) and Danny Morgan (Tipton) decide their postponed twenty-round bout. This match is of great interest, and a stirring contest may be expected.

At the National Sports Club a fifteen rounds contest will be decided between the middle-weights, Sid Burns, who recently knocked out the then champion, Sanderson Baker, and Johnny Webb. At Hoxton Billy Fry and Corporal Joe Brooks furnish the chief bout.



# GERMANY SENDS PEACE ULTIMATUM TO RUMANIA

**Reply Demanded in Four Days—King Ferdinand Accepts Resignation of Cabinet.**

**PEACE WITH UKRAINE—FOE'S JOY BELLS.**

**Germans Testing Allied Lines by Many Trench Raids —Poles Capture Smolensk from Bolsheviks.**

**Rumania's Crisis.**—Germany has sent an ultimatum to Rumania giving that country four days in which to enter into peace negotiations. The Rumanian Cabinet sent in their resignation to the King, who accepted it.

**Peace Bells in Berlin.**—Bells were rung in Berlin on the signing of peace with the Ukraine, but the German Press showed little enthusiasm. Vienna hailed the news with joy, many buildings being beflagged.

**Western Front.**—The Germans continue their policy of testing the Allied lines by raiding parties. The French report three raids in Alsace and two in the Argonne. German gunfire has increased on the British front near Houthulst Wood.

**MORE GERMAN RAIDS AND GERMANS DEFY EMPEROR BIG GUN FIRE. KARL'S COMMANDS.**

**Enemy Makes Three Thrusts in the Vosges—French Successes. Orders Not to Bomb Italian Open Towns Ignored by Huns.**

## BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.

10.22 A.M.—Yesterday evening, under cover of trench mortar bombardment, the enemy raided our line west of Gonnelleu. Five of our men are missing.

Hostile artillery has shown increased activity in the neighbourhood of Houthulst Forest.

## FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Sunday Afternoon.—There was fairly violent artillery action in the regions of Nieuport and Juvincourt and in Champagne, south of Moronvillers.

North of Craonne, towards Cheppy Wood (Argonne), and at three points in the Vosges the Germans made raids against our small posts. Everywhere the assailants were stopped by our fire.

On our side we penetrated the enemy trenches in Champagne, east of the Teton, and carried out various successful patrols, notably in the direction of Badonvillers.

During these expeditions we took a certain number of prisoners.—Reuter.

## GERMAN OFFICIAL.

At some points on the front there have been artillery duels. In reconnoitring engagements near the coast Belgians and Frenchmen, and north-east of Ypres as well as between Cambrai and St. Quentin, Englishmen were taken prisoners.

In the region of the Meuse on both sides of the Moselle and in several sectors north-east and east of Nancy there was increased enemy activity.

In the Selle Lowland French reconnoitring detachments penetrated temporarily into our lines near Allendorf.

In the region west of Blamont they were repulsed before our entanglements.

**POLAND CAPTURES A CITY FROM THE BOLSHEVIKS.**

**Vienna Report That Smolensk Has Been Taken.**

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—It is reported from Vienna on good authority that the Polish forces commanded by General Musnicki have taken Smolensk from the Bolsheviks.—Exchange.

**KRUPPS FEAR AIR RAIDS.**

PARIS, Sunday.—The *Matin* publishes the following telegram from New York:—

After undergoing a severe examination, thirty-three men and seven women passengers of the Dutch liner *Nieuw Amsterdam* were detained by the Federal authorities.

A representative of the New York *World* interviewed several of the liner's passengers, who declared that Krupp's works were being elaborately protected in view of possible American and Allied air raids next spring, and that the number of German deserters and persons with famished children crossing the frontier is increasing.

The *World* also states that the American prisoners of war are being worse treated than the French and British prisoners.—Reuter.

Rome, Saturday.—The *Tribuna's* correspondent at the front says: "Three German airmen who have been captured recently have made a statement to the effect that as a consequence of the Pope's request the Austrian Emperor forbade the bombardment of Italian open towns."

The German airmen protested, and were supported by their commander, and subsequently the German General Staff ordered that no notice was to be taken of the orders from Vienna and that such bombardments should continue.—Central News.

## ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Along the whole front fighting activity was confined yesterday to artillery actions, more intense and frequent on the eastern sector of the Asiago Plateau and in the area west of Mount Grappa.

During the evening of the 8th inst. two coups de main attempted by the enemy south of Daone (Chiasso) failed.

**AUSTRIAN CABINET CRISIS AND DUAL MONARCHY.**

**Poland Said To Be Demanding Realisation of "Lawful Claims."**

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—A Vienna telegram appearing in yesterday's *Cologne Gazette* says that the Austrian papers, and especially the *Vienna Arbeiterzeitung*, describe the present Cabinet crisis as a State crisis, in the settlement of which they demand the immediate taking in hand of the reconstruction of the Monarchy, which they maintain can no longer be deferred.

According to a Vienna telegram to this morning's *Possische Zeitung*, the leader of the Polish Club is said to have guaranteed that his party would support the Government's Provisional Budget.

At yesterday's sitting of the Austrian Lower House the Deputy Wrobel said that Poland would not be satisfied until it was entirely united, until it had obtained access to the sea, and until its historical and lawful claims had been realised.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—According to a Vienna message it is now believed in the Austrian Reichsrath that only the Ministers of Home Affairs, Justice, Finance and Food will resign.—Central News.

**WILL SPAIN COME IN?**

MADRID, Saturday (received yesterday).—The *Diario Universal*, after emphasising the seriousness of the various attacks on Spanish commerce and Spanish prestige as a result of the torpedoing of Spanish vessels by German submarines, says:—

"The hour has arrived when the people and Government of Spain must adopt measures which are still within our reach to cut short this arbitrary persistence in the torpedoing of our vessels."

"We must exercise our right of self-defence against such aggression, and adopt the measures which we indicated at the time of the sinking of the *Giralda*."—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—The King of Bavaria yesterday paid a visit to the King of Wuertemberg at Stuttgart, returning to Munich at six o'clock the same evening.—Central News.

**RED GUARDS' ORGY OF MASSACRE IN FINLAND.**

**Desperate Situation in Helsingfors —White Guards Making Progress.**

COPENHAGEN, Saturday.—I have this evening had an interesting interview with a prominent Finlander from Helsingfors, who states that months ago an agitation for revolution in Finland was begun by Socialist papers, and it was no surprise when the Red Guard formed by the Socialists marched, on January 27, through the streets and occupied the railway station and the banks.

On the Monday following the first serious riots took place.

The great Hotel Kacamp, where many foreigners were residing, was bombarded. On January 29 a Socialist proclamation was issued, the Diet was dissolved and a Workmen's Council formed.

All the money in the banks was seized and all papers prohibited.

Great hordes, composed of the worst elements of the Finnish mob, plundered and murdered in the most ruthless manner.

Hundreds of families fled from Helsingfors. Several members of the Civil Government have been arrested, but three Ministers and the Premier, M. Svinhufvud, succeeded in making their escape to Vasa, where they formed a new Civil Government.

While murder and pillage were at their height a proclamation was distributed in the streets requesting the people to resist the "red terrorism," and requesting the functionaries to conceal all important documents. Thus Government papers of great significance were rescued.

## DIET MEMBERS KILLED.

M. M. Mikola and Kech, members of the Diet, were killed. The fate of five other members who were arrested is unknown. Helsingfors Harbour is strewn with the corpses of murdered citizens, and the paving stones of the streets are red with blood.

A few days ago a conflict arose between the Russian soldiers and the Red Guard.

Conflict has also arisen among the Russian soldiers. Those in the large Sveaborg fortress outside Helsingfors wish to remain neutral, but the Russian mariners aboard four large Dreadnoughts and six cruisers and a great number of destroyers in Helsingfors Harbour have joined the Red Guard, and will in all probability try to force the Sveaborg soldiers to follow suit.

The only bright spot in the generally desperate situation is that the Civil Army, consisting of 70,000 men, is making progress, and general opinion is that the White Army will be able to save the situation.—Exchange.

## WHITE GUARDS' VICTORY.

STOCKHOLM, Saturday.—The *Aftonbladet* reports that violent fighting is going on north of Tammerfors, where the White Guards are slowly pushing back the Red Guards, who have suffered heavy losses despite their superiority in numbers and equipment.

The White Guards are fighting with splendid courage, and on one occasion, when sixty young soldiers were surrounded by 400 Red Guards, they cut their way through them at the bayonet's point, losing only three or four men as against several hundred killed.

This and other incidents show very clearly a total lack of courage and fighting ability on the part of the Bolsheviks in Finland.—Central News.

**'A BARBAROUS PRACTICE.'**

BERNE, Saturday.—The International Committee of the Red Cross has addressed an appeal to the belligerent States, which says:—

"We are desirous of raising our voice against a barbarous innovation which science is tending to perfect—tending, that is to say, to render more numerous and more refined in its cruelty."

We refer to that use of asphyxiating and poisonous gases, which seems to be now resorted to in a degree hitherto unsuspected.

We cannot but believe that in all countries, gentlemen, men are to revolt against this outlook. That is why we do not hesitate to ask out loud that this atrocious fashion of waging war be abandoned.

To effect this, we need an immediate agreement, which the different armies shall undertake to carry loyally into execution.—Reuter.

**WORKERS' FOOD DEMANDS**

A demonstration organised by the Workers' Suffrage Federation in connection with the food question was held yesterday in Trafalgar square.

Several representatives of trade union organisations, with their bands and banners, attended, and a feature of the proceedings was the number of women who acted as banner bearers in the procession, which started from the Embankment. A number of speakers, many of them women, denounced control of supplies by the workers, the abolition of profiteering and the establishment of rationing and distribution on an equitable basis, so that all classes should be dealt with alike.

A resolution embodying the demands of the meeting was carried with enthusiasm.

**RUMANIAN CABINET UNWILLING?**

**Resigned After Considering Foe Ultimatum.**

**THE KING'S ACTION.**

BALE, Saturday (received yesterday).—The German newspapers state that Marshal von Mackensen, in the name of the German Government, sent on the 6th inst. an ultimatum to the Rumanian Government giving them four days in which to enter into peace negotiations.

The Rumanian Cabinet met immediately, and after long deliberations sent in their resignation to the King, who accepted it.—Reuter.

STOCKHOLM, Sunday.—M. Diamandy, the Rumanian Minister in Petrograd, accompanied by the staff of the Legation and members of the Rumanian colony, arrived here last night. They will stay for some days.—Reuter.

## "CANNOT INTIMIDATE RUMANIA."

PARIS, Sunday.—The newspapers, commenting on the ultimatum to Rumania, remark that the objects of the negotiations were to secure food supplies for Germany from Southern Russia and to put pressure upon the Bolsheviks in Petrograd, and on the Rumanians.

It is pointed out that the treaty with the Ukraine does not possess the value attributed to it by Germany, as the Ukrainian plenipotentiaries were not properly qualified to bind the State which they claim to represent.

Regarding the question of supplies of cereals, the Austro-Germans, the newspapers consider, will be confronted with numerous material difficulties, especially transport difficulties.

The *Petit Parisien* remarks: "Mackensen desired to intimidate Rumania, but will he succeed in his attempt?"

The *Figaro* writes: "The Rumanian Army, although reduced, can still play a considerable part in deciding the war."—Reuter.

**PEACE BELLS IN BERLIN OVER UKRAINE AGREEMENT.**

**Vienna Hails News with Joy—Congratulations to Emperor Karl.**

ZURICH, Saturday (received yesterday).—The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* remarks that a separate peace with the Ukraine is almost equivalent to a declaration of war by the Central Powers against the Maximalists and adds that perhaps the Ukraine is not in a position to conclude an effective peace.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—The conclusion of peace with the Ukraine has come as a great relief to Austria.

According to a Vienna telegram, extra editions of the newspapers spread the news, which made a deep impression on the public, and was received with joyful confidence. Many buildings were beflagged.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—According to a Vienna telegram the leader of the Ukraine representatives in the Austrian Parliament has sent congratulations to the Emperor Karl on the conclusion of peace with the Ukraine and expressing at the same time his confidence that the approaching peace will also bring to the Ukrainians of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy full national and political freedom.—Reuter.

## UNEASINESS IN GERMANY.

PARIS, Sunday.—The *Matin* correspondent at Zurich says:—

"Although the German joybells rang yesterday in celebration of the signing of peace with Ukraine, the German newspapers supporting the parties of the Left were notwithstanding their air of satisfaction, ill-conceal the uneasiness which the conclusion of this peace causes them."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for instance, remarking that this event will relieve the strain of the Entente blockade, goes on to say:—

"In considering the political value of the conclusion of peace with Ukraine we must not lose sight of the fact that we are dealing with a State in process of formation. We hope that the impending relations between Ukraine and the Central Powers will not constitute in the future too heavy a mortgage on the policy of Germany."—Exchange.

**WILL HUNS ATTACK SOON?**

PARIS, Sunday.—The *Echo de Paris* writes: "We do not believe that a German offensive is imminent, and we should not be surprised if before resigning themselves to an offensive the Germans presented an ultimatum to the Allies on the lines of that sent by von Mackensen to the Rumanians."—Reuter.

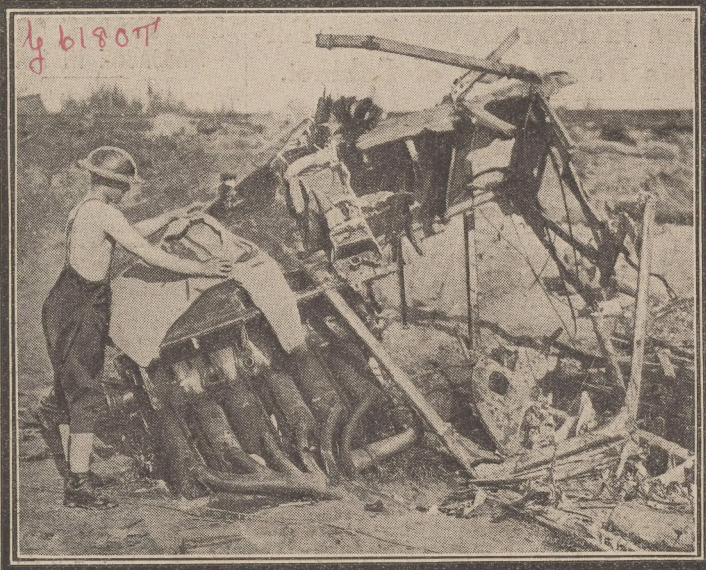
The *Matin's* special correspondent at the British front says there can be no doubt that the German offensive is near at hand.—Exchange.



# SHELTERING FROM SHELLS—A NOVEL CLOTHES-HORSE.



A car under shell fire on the western front. The driver, who has discontinued his journey for the time being, is seen seeking protection on the step of the vehicle.—(Canadian War Records.)



A Boche aeroplane can be made use of even when wrecked. This soldier is making it serve as a clothes-horse.—(Canadian War Records.)



Sister Alice Welford. She volunteered for service in the early days of the war, and worked chiefly in the Near East.



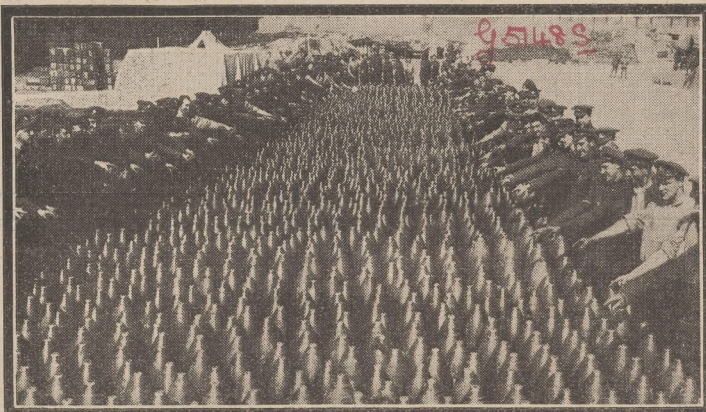
**WAR SERVICE.**—Miss Dorcas R. Sapwell, V.A.D., a nurse at an auxiliary hospital, Cawston, Norfolk, who has been mentioned.



**A "DIE-HARD."**—Captain W. Hammond, Middlesex Regiment, awarded a bar to his M.C. for a fine bombing exploit.



**BACK TO THE DAYS OF ARMOUR.**—A German sniper's mask, made of tin. Krupp steel, captured by Canadians. The cut-out on the right allows of the rifle being held in a natural position.—(Canadian War Records.)



"This is what we want." Soldiers pointing to a stack of shells, which will soon be used up as the call of the guns is insatiable.—(Official photograph.)



**IN THE COMMONS.**—The Hon. Alexander Shaw, M.P., who will second the address in reply to the King's Speech.



**IN THE LORDS.**—The Duke of Atholl, who will move the address in reply to his Majesty's Speech to-morrow.



Lieutenant Norman A. Lee, M.G.C., and his bride (Miss Hilda M. Page) leaving St. Clement's Danes on Saturday.



Miss Anne Pollock goes shopping in the West End. She is to be married to Captain Cyril Asquith to-morrow.

## SOLDIERS WHO



Lining up for medicine in the trenches. The kindness of the Prince is very nasty.



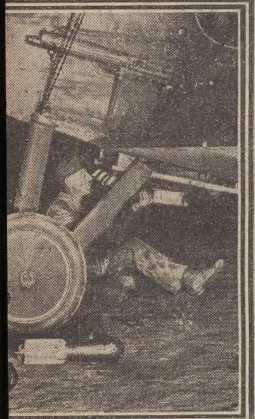
**MISSION TO U.S.A.**—The Rev. Dr. A. Wallace Williamson, one of the eminent clerics forming the special mission to America.



# NED AT SEA



Sister F. Tindall, Q.A.I.M.N.S. All these three brave women were accidentally drowned while on active service.



An Australian official photograph hauling the machine while another shortly be dropped "somewhere lines."

# UP" FOR MEDICINE.



ard. Nurse Grimaldi, who is a seen measuring out the doses. It en three times a day.



CROSS.—Douglas, a Co. Sgt. Maj. Jenkins, awarded D.C.M. and the Italian Bronze Medal. He has also been mentioned.

# HUDDERSFIELD PRESENTS AN AEROPLANE TO CANADA.



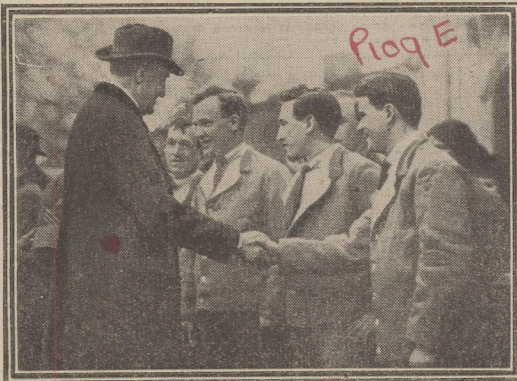
Mrs. Bruce named the machine by breaking a bottle of wine with a hammer. Her husband, Mr. Edward J. Bruce, then handed it over. He is president of the local chamber of commerce.

The aeroplane, Huddersfield, presented to Canada by the people of that city, was accepted by Sir George Perley on behalf of the Dominion's Government in Greenhead Park on Saturday.

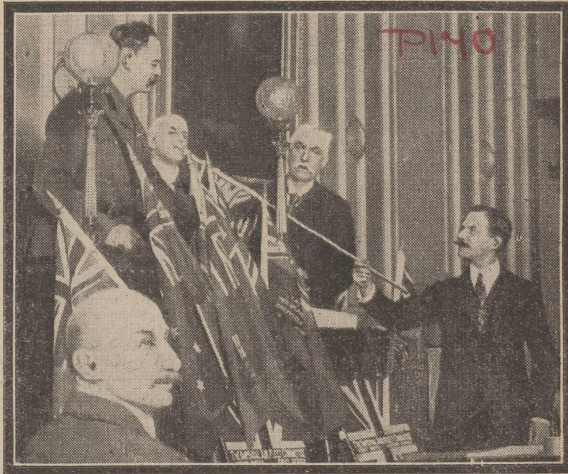
# SIR EDWARD CARSON'S TOUR IN ULSTER.



He spoke at an informal meeting in a Belfast shipyard—



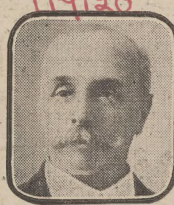
—And shook hands with the wounded Irish soldiers. Sir Edward Carson spent another busy week-end and paid a visit to the Western Volunteer Forco Hospital in Co. Down, where he spent a considerable time chatting to the patients.



Lord Desborough hands a flag to Major J. L. Baird, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P. It was inscribed "I.A.F. aeroplane, Huddersfield, 9/2/18."



HUSBAND PROMOTED.—Mrs. Henegge, wife of Captain A. W. Henegge, R.N., who has been promoted rear-admiral.



JOURNALIST DEAD.—Mr. Tom Dunning, of the Sportsman, who has died. He was a well-known writer on boxing.



MENTIONED.—Mrs. Henriette Frances May Lempert, commandant, V.A.D. Auxiliary Hospital, Dalguise, Duxford.

# AT THE INVESTITURE—FIGHTING BROTHERS.



Three brothers, named Crawford, who were decorated by the King at Saturday's Investiture. One—a major—received the D.S.O., and the other two, both captains, received the M.C.



Messrs. H. F. Batterbee and Harris, two private secretaries, who received decorations. The former (the taller figure) is Mr. Walter Long's secretary, and was created a C.M.G. A number of nurses, officers and men were decorated, while several new knights received the accolade.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1918.

## THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO HOARD

THE conversation turned on the question of hoarding, and everybody was severe on Mrs. —, who had been found with and fined for 100lb. of sugar, which she said she intended to employ in the making of jam and the preservation of vegetable produce from her garden.

When asked whether she also intended to make jam out of the eighty tins of sardines found in her cellar, she answered, in the first moment of her confusion and indignation, "Yes: she did"; in the next moment: "No: she didn't know she had them"; and, lastly, as all defence seemed to slip away from her, she burst into tears, said it was a shame, and that "Mr. Lloyd George would be sorry for this some day."

All of which was liberally reported in the local newspaper, and commented upon in a hundred local conversations like the one we had the privilege of overhearing this last week-end.

But when we denounce a Food Hoarder it is often because we don't greatly sympathise with sardines, so to speak—that not being the form of temptation extended to us by the power of evil suggestion.

If you don't like sardines, or hold that they make good jam, you will be severe on Mrs. —. But, in a sudden sincere return upon yourself, you will have the honesty to add: "For myself, I must say, I have a few remaining boxes of mixed biscuits. Not hoarding, I hope. But so useful for air raid nights! And cocoa. We take them with cocoa."

That sets the conversation going rapidly. What would you give up *last*? To what, when all goes, will you cling?

Some say "soap"—not to eat; but it is nice if you starve, to starve cleanly. And some say you *could* eat soap, too, if hard pressed.

Others are tempted, sorely tempted—of course, they don't yield—to lay up a little store (well within the law) of boots. Or of thread, or of materials for knitting; for what would our nerves be without the sedative of knitting? And one man, this week-end, said he had *three* new razors. This, however, could not be called hoarding, he affirmed, because if he had to grow a beard he would resemble a Bolshevik. He must have razors. An involuntarily unshaven man's patriotism cannot be secure.

So we all admitted our weaknesses—things we would like to hoard; but are nobly not hoarding; but are tentatively asking our friends whether it would be very wrong "just to have a little store of, in case." And one commented on the supposed fact—doubtful—that few hoarded money, paper money being of smaller value than real things in bad times. And another believed in hoarding nothing but hope, and nerve force, and healthy anticipations, which touched the tone of a sermon, suitable for Sunday.

Only a middle-aged, rather fierce-looking lady had not spoken.

We turned to her.

She brought four or five packs of cards out of her bag. "Will there be a shortage of these?" she asked anxiously. We assured her "No."

She murmured: "So long as I get my Bridge."

One thought of her prototype — Mrs. Sarah Battle! She was past military age. One forgave her. A pre-war relic! Bridge! Of course! Wonderful old impulse! To carry one over the bad time. To go down playing Bridge. . . . There was a quality of defiance in that.

Let us hope she will be allowed to hoard cards—that there won't some day be a ban upon Bridge, for those past military age.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory.—Sir Philip Sidney



Mrs. O. M. Athill, widow of Colonel Athill, who is with the British Mission in the States.



Miss Evelyn Laye, who joins the Gaiety company this week. She is a recent "discovery."

## MOMENTOUS SESSION.

What About the Irish Puzzle?—The Painter at the War.

THE SESSION of Parliament which opens to-morrow will be the most momentous of this war-time. To begin with, it will see the biggest Budget on record. Then, an effort will be made to pass into law an Education Bill of far-reaching moment. There will also be the Irish settlement to engage the best

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

**The Disappearing Rabbit.**—Passing through Trafalgar-square yesterday afternoon I paused for a few moments to enjoy the oratory of the anti-proletarians. But the honours rested, I thought, with a member of the crowd. "What," asked one of the speakers, "has become of the rabbits since Lord Rhonda fixed their price?" Back came the reply: "They've found a better 'ole."

**A "Comfy" Post Vacant.**—There is much speculation in the House as to who will succeed Sir James Craig, M.P., as Treasurer of the Household. £900 a year is the salary.

**Always Flowers.**—I have never met Sir Henry Tozer without flowers in his button-hole. I saw him emerging from Westminster Town Hall recently wearing a superb orchid.

**Sunday a Success.**—They tell me at Burlington House that the experiment of open-

**Whip's Daughter in Queue.**—The other day I was lunching at a big political club with a Government Whip. He told me that his daughter had been standing in a queue for an hour and three-quarters to get a little meat. I wonder why some ill-informed people persist in holding that only "the poor" stand in queues. And, nowadays, who are "the poor," anyhow?

**War Minister's "Double."**—The feature of last week's racing was the dual success of Lord Derby's colours. The War Minister's interest in the Turf is as keen as ever, though he never attends the meetings nowadays.

**A Soldier Jockey.**—Mr. O. J. Casebourne, who won a steeplechase on Sir Percy at Gatwick, tells me he hopes to be gazetted soon to a commission in the Flying Corps.

**A Quick Recovery.**—Our cavalry officers take a lot of strapping. Mr. H. A. Brown was riding "over the sticks" within a fortnight of breaking his collar-bone.

**Variety Billiards.**—On Saturday afternoon I looked in at the Variety Halls billiard championship. Mr. Sam Mayo—more mobile than usual—won in splendid form. Mr. George Peel, the agent, made a plucky loser. There was great enthusiasm at the finish.

**Harry Anderson.**—Lovers of the old-fashioned music-halls will deeply regret the death of Mr. Harry Anderson. The singer of "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer" belonged to another age, but he had a wonderful way of making a chorus song popular.

**Medico M.C.**—Captain J. P. Jones, the Guy's Hospital and Welsh international three-quarter, has been quite busy lately receiving congratulations from all and sundry on his Military Cross.

**"Jacker" in Town.**—During the week-end I ran across the Hon. F. S. Jackson, who tells me of a great scheme for the reconstruction of sport after the war. He has been speaking on this subject to the Society of Yorkshiremen.

**Lord Carnarvon.**—Calling at Bryanston-square I was glad to hear that Lord Carnarvon is going on well after his sharp attack of illness.

**Success of Duchess's Club.**—The Duchess of Norfolk tells me that the Club for Ladies from Overseas, established at her house in Norfolk-square, has gathered in more than 2,000 members. The rooms are greatly appreciated by our kinsfolk from over the water.

**A Notable House.**—No. 2, Grosvenor-place used in Victorian days to be the gathering-place of some of the most brilliant people of the century. It was occupied for fifty years by successive Dukes of Northumberland, and now I notice that the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch have taken up their residence there.

**More Theatres Wanted.**—There has been considerable chaffering in the stage world during the week-end over theatres. Several managers have plays which they are bursting to produce, but cannot find a venue. I hear that the Apollo has been approached, but "Inside the Lines" still goes strong.

**A Mean Pacifist Trick.**—Evidence has reached me showing that certain pacifists are using the pamphlet, "Murder Most Foul," for their own purposes by tearing out Dr. Dwight Hillis' spirited address and putting in instead their own anti-war propaganda.

**Dog Shows Again.**—I hear from Mr. E. W. Jaquet, the secretary of the Kennel Club, that Dora has removed her ban on dog shows.

**Really Hot!**—A fair amount of hunting is still being done, and a friend of mine tells me he saw Lord Berkeley with his famous pack a few days ago.

**Another Graves.**—Mr. George Graves had better keep an eye on his laurels. An aspiring amateur (dating from a private asylum in Northampton) wrote to the Coliseum management the other day for a copy of "What a Lady," with the idea of getting it up for an amateur entertainment. As you know, the piece depends mostly on Mr. Graves' personality and fruitfulness in "gags."

THE RAMBLER.



We were told to keep pigs a long time ago. Some of us tried. It is more difficult than it sounds.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

attention of our politicians. Altogether, a session likely to become historic!

**Speedy Settlement.**—I am told that a specially big effort will be made to settle the Irish question "for keeps," and any Bill that is introduced will be pushed through as speedily as possible. All responsible statesmen look upon this problem as one of prime importance.

**The Situation.**—I gather that Mr. Lloyd George is expected to make his eagerly-awaited utterance on the war situation during the debate on the Address. I wonder if he will allude to the subterranean intrigues which are going on for the making of an early peace!

**The Speaker's Brother.**—I hear from old parliamentarians that the House anticipates a treat when Brigadier-General Lowther gets up to move the Address. He is a brother of the Speaker, and possesses much of the family wit and spirit. Whatever he says, it will be interesting.

ing the War Exhibition on Sundays has been justified by success. Thousands of people passed the turnstiles yesterday. An additional exhibit of great interest is the remnants of the Gotha which was brought down during a recent raid.

**Painter at the Front.**—The youngest A.R.A., Mr. William Orpen, has now completed some more important portraits of distinguished soldiers in France. By the way, the portrait of Lieutenant Rhys Davids which you recently saw in *The Daily Mirror* was from a picture by Mr. Orpen.

**Not Yet.**—Lord Verulam—whose health has not been too good of late—tells me that the proposal to unearth the Roman city of Verulamium, which is on his Hertfordshire estate, will have to be held over until after the war.

**Royal Duke in Egypt.**—I hear from Cairo that the Duke of Connaught is greatly improved in health since he arrived in Egypt. He was not particularly well for some time before he left England.



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# THE REMEMBERED KISS

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

LORNA and PATRICK LOUGHLAND have recently married to secure a fortune. While Lorna loves her husband, he is apparently indifferent to her, and, after a short honeymoon, leaves her in Ireland while he comes to London. She invites, as a house party,

MOLLY SOMERS and LUCILE ROPER. The former becomes engaged to Lorna's brother Rupert, but really loves Patrick Loughland, whose brother.

HARRY LOUGHLAND, pays an unexpected visit to Lorna's home. He once tried to make love to her, but was repulsed. Another guest is FRANCIS SCOTT, with whom Lucile is in love, and he, too, is in love with Lorna. During a game of hide-and-seek he suddenly seizes Lorna in his arms and commences to kiss her passionately.

## "DOES ANYBODY CARE?"

I SUPPOSE there is no excuse to be made for me. And yet for the tiniest, tiniest moment I know that I did yield to his arms and try to pretend desperately that he was the man I loved. And then the inevitable revulsion came, and I struggled to free myself.

"Don't—don't!" I said. I had quite forgotten that we were supposed to be playing hide and seek, and I spoke out loud, and the next moment Rupert had caught us both and was dragging us back to the hall below in triumph.

I did not dare to look at Francis Scott, and I was trembling in every limb. My brother-in-law, who had made no attempt to join in the game, had poked the fire into a blaze, and I was sure that he was staring at me with those piercing eyes of his, coolly criticising my agitated face.

I don't believe I even looked at Francis Scott again during the evening, but when I would have been delivering good-night to him, he came to me and deliberately took my hand.

He seemed to hold it much longer than was necessary, and I knew Harry was looking at us all the time, but I did not care. I felt as if I was drifting on a sea of recklessness which was carrying me resistlessly on its tide.

Molly came to my room while I was undressing.

"Lucile says she is going home to-morrow," she said abruptly.

"Why?" I asked.

"Do you really want me to tell you, Lorna?"

"Of course," I said. There was a little silence.

"It's because she knows what Mr. Scott is here for your sake and not for hers," Molly said at last.

"I'm sorry," I cried, helplessly, "but I can't help it, can I, right to try?"

"Yes," said Molly, "you can. It's not fair to Francis," she pleaded, "and it's not fair to Mr. Loughland."

"To Patrick!" I mocked. "I should like to know on what ground you thought of considering him."

"He is your husband, Molly."

"We were certainly married—if that is what you mean," I answered flippantly.

"You will ruin your whole life," she went on steadily. "Harry Loughland could see as soon as he came into the house how things were with you. One only has to look at Francis. Oh, can't you see the tragedy of it all?"

"He is the only person in the whole world who has ever really loved me," I said defiantly.

"Nobody else has ever cared what I do or what becomes of me, but—he does. If I hadn't a shilling in the world he would still love me."

"And do you love him?" asked Molly.

"I don't love anybody I hate love people. It only brings unhappiness. It's far better not to care much for anybody. I won't be preached at. I went on, in sudden anger. "I'm not a child. I've a right to my own happiness. I can do as I like with my own life."

"You've no right to ruin his, though," Molly said. "And that's what you will do."

"And mine?" I asked. "What about mine? Does anybody care that mine is ruined and that?"

Does anybody care what becomes of me, or how lonely and miserable I am? . . . Oh, go away, go away—" I cried out as she came back to me. "Leave me alone. I want to be alone."

And yet when she had opened the door I followed.

"You're not—you won't go back to London and leave me here alone, will you?" I asked falteringly. "If you go, Rupert will go, and then."

"I will not leave you, I promise," she said.

"I will stay till Mr. Loughland comes back."

I burst into wild laughter.

"You will stay for ever, then," I said.

## "A LYING CAD!"

LUCILE went back home the next day, as Molly had prophesied.

Poor little Lucile! I felt sorry for her when I kissed her pale face and listened to the stumbling words which she tried to tell me how much she had enjoyed herself and what a good time she had had.

I felt the tears in my eyes as I saw her drive away in the car with Rupert and Francis Scott. I hated her to be unhappy, and yet I was glad in a fierce sort of way, too, that somebody else besides myself was suffering. Why should I have the monopoly of pain?

I put on my hat and lunch to go for a walk, and as I came downstairs Francis Scott was waiting for me in the hall. He did not ask me if he might come with me—he just came.

Harry Loughland saw us start, but I didn't say a word. He was only conscious of the hope that he would write and tell his brother and exaggerate it, too, if he liked. I supposed that Patrick would find it hard to believe that anybody could really care much for me.

We had walked some way down the road before Mr. Scott spoke; then he said—

"I thought you were never again going to

give me a chance to see you alone."

I looked up at him, opened my lips to say something flippant, and closed them again. There was such deadly earnest in his face that for the first time my soul seemed to wither with shame.

When at last I could answer I said gently—

"Mr. Scott—will you do something for me?"

"You know I will—"

"Anything in the world."

"Then—then—please go back to London to-morrow," I said.

It seemed an eternity before he answered. Then he said quite quietly but determinedly—

"No, that is the one thing which I cannot do."

"But you must, I insist!" I cried. "Oh, please, please, if you care for me at all . . ."

"I care for you too much. That is why I will not go. You haven't a soul to stand by you if you send me away."

"There's Molly," I broke out in a panic. "She has promised that she will not leave me."

"Oh—Molly!" he said impatiently. He stopped suddenly and looked down at me. "It's a man's help you want," he said agitatedly. "A man's strength. I'll be content with anything you like to offer me. I'll be your friend. I'll ask nothing of you except to be allowed to stay here—to see you. . . I'll go and live in the village somewhere if you wish. I'll go to the next—anywhere, anything! if only I may see you sometimes."

"But I don't love you," I broke out. "I don't love you at all."

I saw his face quiver, but he answered quietly—

"But I love you—I'd give my life for you."

"It's no good loving people," I said hopelessly. "It only hurts—it isn't happiness at all to love anyone."

Loving you is the only real happiness I have ever known," he insisted.

We talked for a long time, he pleading, persuading, imploring; and all the time the only thought in my heart was—

"If only it had been Patrick! Why couldn't he have loved me if it was his chance? If only it had been Patrick!"

"Loughland will never come back," he said once, roughly, almost as if he could guess my thoughts. "He will never come back—while you are here, at any rate."

We seemed to be talking in a circle; we had arrived at no definite decision when we got back.

I passed the dining-room door on my way upstairs I heard angry voices from within. I stopped and listened. Rupert was talking, and I heard him say furiously—

"You're bringing in that's what you are. Then I heard striding footsteps coming towards the door."

I wanted to move, to escape to my own room, but somehow my feet seemed rooted to the ground, and I was standing there helplessly when the door opened and the door and almost walked over me.

His face was crimson and his hands were clenched. He made a desperate effort to pull himself together, but he failed, and his voice was almost gone when he spoke.

"Lorna . . . I'm glad you're here. Just come in a minute and make this lying brother-in-law of yours repeat what he's been saying to me."

He took my hand and, though I tried to draw back, he would not allow me to do so. He drew me into the room and shut the door.

Harry Loughland stood by the mantelpiece.

"I'm not going to ruin your life," he said, "but he said when he saw me. "Rupert lost his temper and accused me of saying things which I assure you I never said."

"And I say you did, you lying bound!" my brother thundered out at him.

"You said—'I'm glad you're here.' I let in so many words, I admit, but you insinuated that Loughland had left my sister because of . . . because"—he choked, then struggled on again, raging—"because of Scott."

"Admit it!" he roared at him. "Admit it, and then apologise, or by heaven."

I rushed between them.

"Don't, Rupert—don't!" I panted in terror.

I had never felt much admiration for my brother before, but now all at once he seemed to have gone up by leaps and bounds in my estimation. He was defending me, and the knowledge filled me with gratitude.

"If you can persuade your brother to listen to reason for a moment," Harry Loughland said.

"I think I can explain things to everyone's entire satisfaction. But he's so proud, my brother-in-law went on with more confidence, as no fresh outburst came from Rupert, "Patrick is not here to substantiate what I say, but . . ."

"No, by heaven!"—Rupert broke out passionately. "But he will be here in a week, unless I'm very much mistaken in him."

I gave a little startled cry.

"What do you mean, what do you mean?"

"I mean," said my brother savagely, "that I've had enough of this gossiping and scandal mongering."

He was looking at me now, and his eyes were very kind, though hot and ashamed. "I've not been much of a brother to you, I know, but I want you to know that I'm not blackguard enough to stand by and see mud thrown at my sister when I know that she's as straight as a die. . . So this morning—" He drew a long breath and squared his shoulders. I look matters into my own hands, and I will lead Loughland to come home."

"Will he sorry if you miss to-morrow's instalment of this fine story."



Lorna Loughland.

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Fashionable Cloths, distinctive West End cut, superior workmanship and finish. 2/- in the 2/-, 4/- in the 4/-, 6/- in the 6/-, 8/- in the 8/-, 10/- in the 10/-, 12/- in the 12/-, 14/- in the 14/-, 16/- in the 16/-, 18/- in the 18/-, 20/- in the 20/-, 22/- in the 22/-, 24/- in the 24/-, 26/- in the 26/-, 28/- in the 28/-, 30/- in the 30/-, 32/- in the 32/-, 34/- in the 34/-, 36/- in the 36/-, 38/- in the 38/-, 40/- in the 40/-, 42/- in the 42/-, 44/- in the 44/-, 46/- in the 46/-, 48/- in the 48/-, 50/- in the 50/-, 52/- in the 52/-, 54/- in the 54/-, 56/- in the 56/-, 58/- in the 58/-, 60/- in the 60/-, 62/- in the 62/-, 64/- in the 64/-, 66/- in the 66/-, 68/- in the 68/-, 70/- in the 70/-, 72/- in the 72/-, 74/- in the 74/-, 76/- in the 76/-, 78/- in the 78/-, 80/- in the 80/-, 82/- in the 82/-, 84/- in the 84/-, 86/- in the 86/-, 88/- in the 88/-, 90/- in the 90/-, 92/- in the 92/-, 94/- in the 94/-, 96/- in the 96/-, 98/- in the 98/-, 100/- in the 100/-, 102/- in the 102/-, 104/- 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in the 804/-, 806/- in the 806/-, 808/- in the 808/-, 810/- in the 810/-, 812/- in the 812/-, 814/- in the 814/-, 816



SEND THE "OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR" TO FRIENDS ABROAD

# Daily Mirror

HUT MADE OF PETROL TINS



American Red Cross nurses outside their hut in Serbia, where they are feeding the population and nursing the sick. The hut is made of petrol tins.

SEIZURE OF M.P.'s FOOD HOARD.



Unloading the goods which were seized from the house of Mr. W. J. Maccaw, M.P., at Godstone. The cart was filled with a variety of foods.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM RACE.



Percy Hodge, the first man home in the inter-team and individual cross-country race, which was held at Raynes Park on Saturday.

WOMEN LAND WORKERS' MARCH.



The people of Bristol were given ocular proof of what women are doing on the land when a large number of girl farm workers marched through the city.

WOMEN WAR WORKERS AT SALONIKA.



The native women of Macedonia are doing their share of war work, and are engaged chiefly in road making. They wear very picturesque costumes. — (French official photograph.)

LOOKS RESTORED.



Gladys Elizabeth Herrington, whose disfigured face has been restored to its former smoothness by means of skin-grafting. She has won the medal of the Order of the British Empire for a very courageous act.

BOY 'DIES FOR CHEMISTRY.'



Arthur G. Easterbrook, the young Stroud Green schoolboy who left so tragic a farewell letter before poisoning himself. "Good-bye the chemistry I adore and die for," he wrote.

SUCCESS OF THE NEW AMERICAN FARCE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.



Bennett keeps the flag of veracity flying.

"Nothing But the Truth" has achieved a great success, and the audience shrieks with delight over the ludicrous embarrassments of the truth-telling hero, Mr. A. E. Matthews, who is seen with Miss Rence Kelly.



The hour of 4 p.m., and the bet is won.